

Emil. The Sun grows high, lets walk in, keep these flowers,
Weele see how neere Art can come neere their colours;
I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.

Wom. I could lie downe I am sure.

Emil. And take one with you?

Wom. That's as we bargaine Madam,

Emil. Well, agree then.

Exeunt Emilia and woman.

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty?

Arc. Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes a matchles beauty.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himselfe and love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have;
Besheew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.

Pal. You love her then?

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her?

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes, but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not as you doe; to worship her;
As she is heavenly, and a blessed Goddess;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)
So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all.

Arc. Not love at all.

Who shall deny me?

Pal. I that first saw her; I that tooke possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties
In her reveal'd to mankind: if thou lou'st her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow
False as thy Title to her: friendship, blood
And all the tyes betweene us I disclaime

If

If thou once thinke upon her.

Arc. Yes I love her,

And if the lives of all my name lay on
I must doe so, I love her with my soule
If that will lose ye, farewell *Palamon*.
I say againe, I love, and in loving her
I am as worthy, and as free a lover
And have as just a title to her beauty
As any *Palamon* or any living
That is a mans Sonne.

Pal. Have I cald thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so; wh
Let me deale coldly with you, am not
Part of you blood, part of your soule
That I was *Palamon*, and you were

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those aff
Those joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my

Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why then would you deale
So strangely, so vnlike a noble kinsman
To love alone? speake truely, doe yo
Vnworthy of her sight?

Pal. No; but unjust,
If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because an other
First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still
And let mine honour downe, and ne

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedome: els if thou pur
Be as that cursed man that hates his C
A branded villaine.

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be.

Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it conce

E